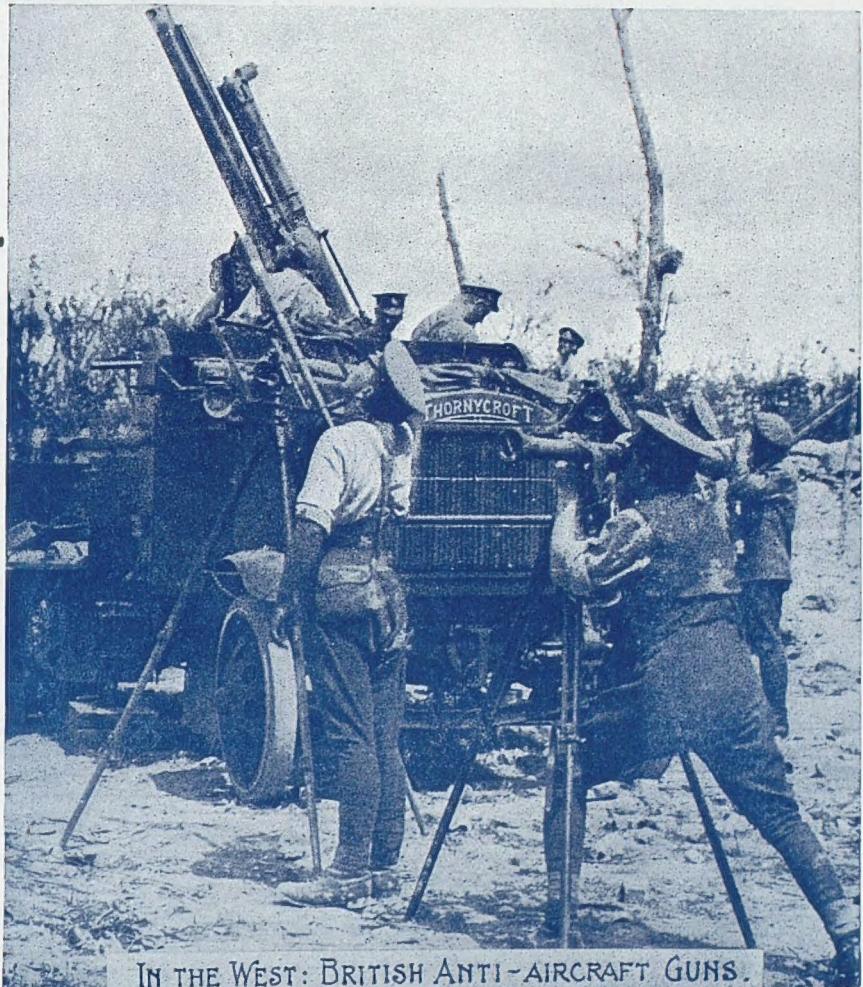


THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS



IN THE WEST: BRITISH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS.



The Illustrated London News

of AUGUST 12 contains illustrations of—

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TOULON.

THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF WAR: WITH
THE BRITISH TROOPS ON THE
WESTERN FRONT.

LORD BUXTON IN NORTHERN
RHODESIA: AN INDABA WITH
YETTA III.

A GIANT GERMAN FIELD-PERISCOPE.

A LONDON COLLECTION OF ENEMY
WAR MEDALS.

A BRITISH GAS ATTACK UPON THE
GERMAN TRENCHES.

GUNS AND SHELLS.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF THE
EXHIBITION OF OFFICIAL FRENCH
WAR PHOTOGRAPHS: A CHURCH
TRANSFORMED INTO A FIELD-
HOSPITAL.

MEMORIES OF HOME: A REMARKABLE
PHOTOGRAPH.

MAKING BIG GUNS IN FRANCE.

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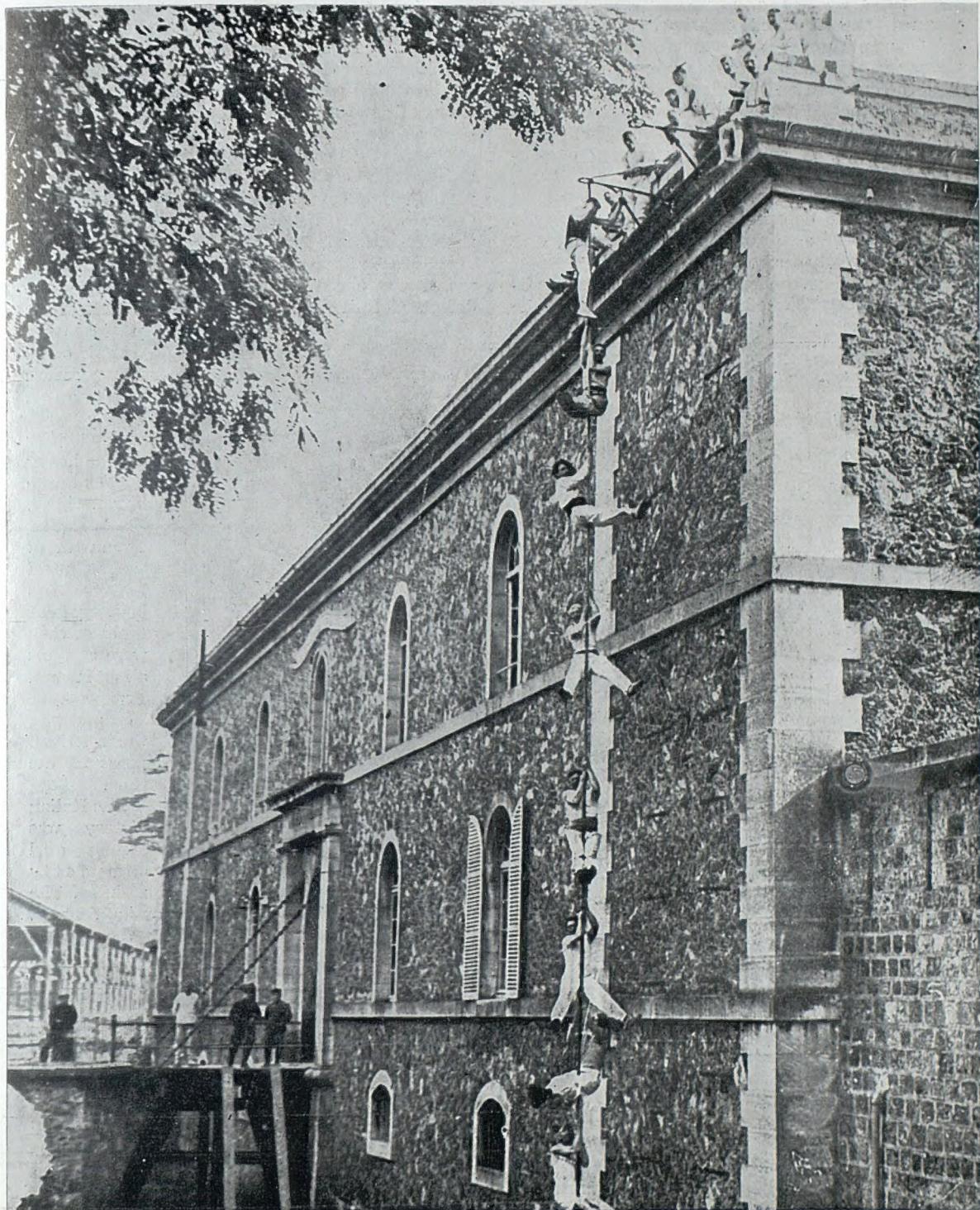
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The Illustrated War News



FRENCH CIVILIANS BEING HARDENED INTO SOLDIERS : GYMNASTICS AT A TRAINING SCHOOL, VINCENNES.
Official Photograph issued by the French War Office.

THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE week is certainly Italy's. The fall of Gorizia after a few days of brilliantly planned and handled fighting is a splendid achievement under any circumstances. Under the present circumstances it is even more notable. It is the outward and dramatic sign that Italy is, with the other Allies, one in plan and power; and that Italy, in spite of the extreme difficulties of her campaign, in spite of a disturbing circumstance like the Austrian offensive in the Tyrol, has yet the tenacity, elasticity, and striking force to hold to the determined scheme of concentric offensive, even as France, Russia, Britain, and Serbia are ready to hold to it.

We can be exceedingly glad with the triumphing Italians because we have always recognised the

trials of the task that was before them. Our Southern Ally has had, from the outset, perhaps the most difficult of all campaigns to face. The Austrians, at every point, have had the best of defence systems, for the frontier was drawn by Austria to take in a series of almost impregnable positions. Italy has not merely been

fighting uphill, but up mountains, from the moment she entered the war; and it was only the swift ability of our Ally's Command in the first days that enabled them to neutralise their adverse circumstances by a rapid jump-off into Austrian territory. The Gorizia position is one of the difficulties in point. Gorizia itself is in the valley, and it might have been entered by the Italians at any time during the last few months. Gorizia, however, is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountain positions that must be turned before the town could be entered with any degree of security and finality. During the months of the war the Italians have been working a dogged way forward to that point from which the mountain positions could be effectually turned.

The patient, wearying, and heroic months bore good fruit; but there came a time when it seemed that all the work would be undone at one bitter stroke. This was the moment when the Austrians

began to thrust with such keenness from the Trentino down through the frontier passes and out towards the Venetian Plain. The ideal of this offensive was undoubtedly to spoil the labours on the Isonzo for ever. The assault was dangerous. It threatened to cut right across the communications of Italy's north-eastern army. If it had done so, Gorizia would not have fallen. We can see, both by the power of this threat and the swiftness and certainty with which it was checked, what high and real ability there is in the Italian Command. We can see this even more in the way the Italian forces have recovered and reorganised after that assault, and have, with unexpected rapidity, returned to the offensive and carried the defences of the Isonzo in their rebound. It is

possible that Austria could not realise that such power remained after the heavy battles in the Tyrol. If so, the Higher Command of the Central Powers has been again at fault, as they were at fault about Russia, France after Verdun, and the British Army all the time.

The Italian victory was finely and compactly planned. The

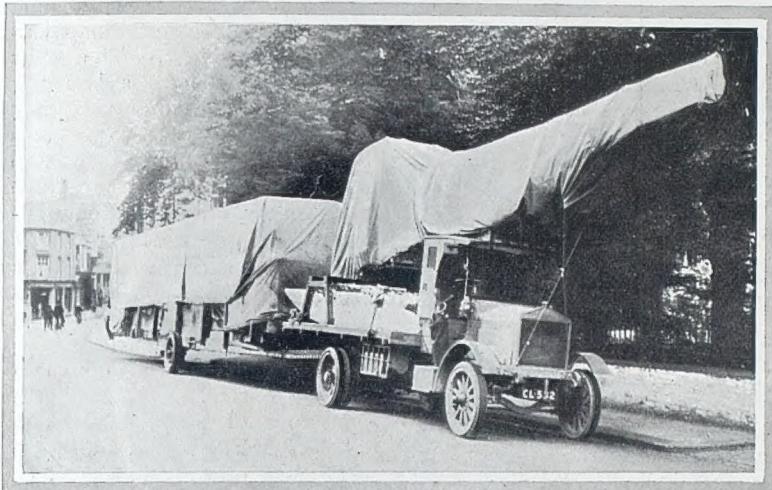
strength of the fighting developed on Aug. 8, when the advance forces, notably the cyclists of the Bersaglieri, began to push forward in the Monfalcone area, over-running the enemy works on Hills 85 and 121, and capturing some 3600 prisoners. On the 9th the assault had worked up admirably on both wings, and the key positions on Monte Sabotino (to the north) and Monte St. Michele (to the south) were carried, the bridge-heads of Gorizia thus falling into Italian hands. From that point our Ally advanced with great sureness, took the town itself, with its ammunition depots, guns, and some prisoners, and pressed well east of the town until they had reached and were fighting on a line Rosenthal-Vertoiba. The cavalry came into action and did some dashing work, and the whole impression of the fighting is that the Austrians were woefully shaken and disordered after their defeat. Over 12,000 prisoners fell to the Italians in the capture



WITH THE SALONIKA ARMY: GAS-HELMETED SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES.

Official Photograph.

of the town, and the fall of so important a centre does not make the position of the Trieste defences at all healthy. One of the very few avenues of supply has gone. Stimulated by their victory, the Italians are bound to go on, also adding their invaluable co-operation to the growing embarrassment of the Central Powers, especially to Austria,



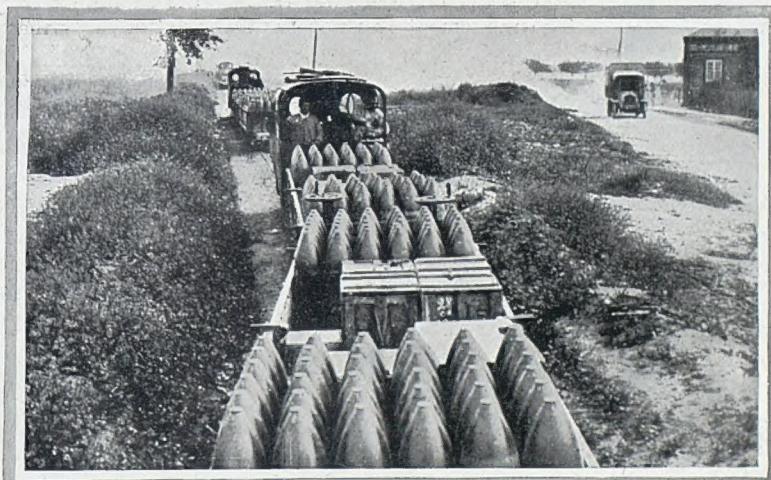
NOT A BIG GUN! A NEW SEAPLANE PACKED FOR TRANSPORT IN ENGLAND.
Photograph by Topical.

the weaker partner of the Central Powers. And indeed there are many signs of Italy's determination. Already, over the week-end, the attack had pressed to the second line of Austrian defence, Italian arms are hammering in a predominant way at the defences of Tolmino, the whole of the painful Doberdo plateau has come under Italian command, and the capture of Monte San Martino with that of San Michele gives our Ally a strong position on the Carso

Austria has certainly had a terrible week, for Russia has opened out again and added enormously to her discomfort. Both General Lechitsky and General Sakharov have been swinging their lines to the peril of the Austrian defence, and have gained ground on von Bothmer's flanks in alarming fashion—to say nothing of their inevitable gains in prisoners. The movement on the southern flank is, at this moment, the most valuable and important. General Lechitsky's troops, who had been held up by the rains, have, in spite of bad conditions, resumed the forward march, and, with that quickness we have learned to expect from the new Russian attack, have swung forward on a big front. They drove the enemy out of the important positions at Tysmenica, smashed past the railway

junction at Chryplin, and reached the River Bystryca at a point almost in the environments of Stanislau. It was expected that the strong defences on the Bystryca would give some trouble, but, in surprising fashion, the Austrians continued their retreat, and the Russians were able to enter Stanislau not merely without fighting, but without finding any damage done to the defences. With Stanislau fallen the advance was not halted, and the Russians set themselves to attack and embarrass the enemy by striking at those vital points of communication and retreat, the railway junctions. They are now pressing towards Halicz, and have already secured an important stretch of line and some high ground near Monastergyska. Here the advance indubitably cuts in behind von Bothmer's sturdy defence on the Strypa, and from this wing his position was rapidly becoming precarious. With the Russian advance on the north the Austrian chances of resistance developed on most malignant lines. Sakharov

managed to hammer Bothmer's left flank until he had forced it across the Sereth, and moving towards the Lemberg-Odessa line, bent the Austrian front back woefully, as well as threatened to get across yet another of the avenues of retirement. It was not unexpected, then, that von Bothmer's attack should at last crumble, and that, at this late hour, he should make up his mind to go back



FRENCH MUNITIONS: SHELL-TRAINS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.
French War Office Official Photograph.

in order to escape envelopment. In this condition of mind the Russians gave him all the necessary help, and on Aug. 12 the Austrians began to fall back from the Strypa, our Ally following them across it with such urgency that

soon the whole thirty-five mile front, running from a point north-west of Tarnopol to the Dniester was on the move. Village after village was captured, and all the ground which had been so strongly fortified, and which has been held so powerfully since the winter of last year, has been overrun. At the same time, lower down on the map, the Russians have captured the important village of Nadvorna, on the railway, and twenty-two miles south of Stanislau, and are pushing along into enemy territory. The brilliancy of the Eastern command is, perhaps, on the eve of its most glorious achievements.

Meanwhile, it is well to point out that both Italy and Russia are receiving co-operative help from the Balkans. The signal for movement seems to have been set at Salonika. The Serbians had already initiated the offensive by turning the Bulgars from their hill positions below the Greek border. Now the Allies, particularly the French, guns have joined in the crescendo of fighting, and the troops have gone in where the guns paved the way. The result was admirable. The Franco-British force advanced, occupied Hill 227, south of Doiran, and the station five miles east of the town, and so made their mark for a starting-off point for anything that is to come after. The movement has not been

if it is weakened we still hold the threat of cutting up through Serbia, and pushing right up against the most intimate frontiers of our enemies in a linked line that would join with Russia and Italy. This to say nothing of the threat to separate Bulgaria and Turkey from their central partners.

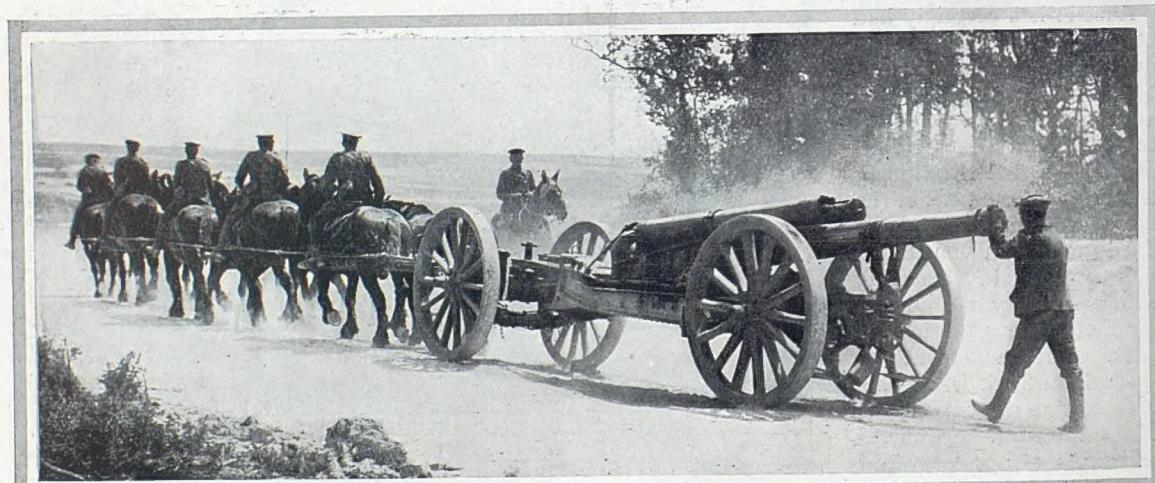
Our troops in the West have continued the fighting of consolidation, and have been widening the ripple of advance round Pozières, as well as fighting south-west of Guillemont. The gains have been regular, and in some cases of really emphatic utility, and we are gradually working our way into positions of command on the hill-tops that will give us an excellent advantage for the next planned push. On their line the French have done magnificently. They have again opened out in a smashing attack north of the Somme, and have, with the force of their blow, driven their way into the enemy third line from Hardecourt to the height of Buscourt by the Somme. They have, in this, captured all the trenches and fortified positions on a front of four miles



AUSTRALIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MACHINE-GUNNERS
RETURNING FROM THE TRENCHES.

Official Photograph.

and to a depth of penetration varying from 600 to 1000 metres. In this attack the village of Maurepas was entered; the new front is also carried to the southern slope of Hill 109, along the Maurepas-Clery road, and on to the saddle west of Clery village. At Verdun the days are still



AUSTRALIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BRINGING UP A HEAVY GUN.

Official Photograph.

much so far, but it is one that is bound to disturb the enemy, and again, particularly, the Austrian enemy. The enemy front cannot be weakened here, whatever the need of men elsewhere, and

the reward of the French. The Germans make no impression in spite of attacks; on the other hand, the French have scored further advances in the Thiaumont sector.

LONDON: AUG. 14, 1916.



A Memorial to fallen Heroes, at Hampstead.



THE CALVARY IN HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB: WOUNDED SOLDIERS VIEWING THE MEMORIAL.

The Garden Suburb at Hampstead has sent many residents to the war, and a worthy tribute to the memory of those who have already given their lives for their country has been erected in the central square. Beneath the sacred Figure on the Cross is a stone on which are inscribed the names of the fallen men. Their relatives bring, day by day, tributes of flowers, and among those who

reverently visit the spot are groups of wounded soldiers, as seen in our photograph. No doubt the kindly act of the residents of this Suburb will initiate many more tributes of the kind. The originators of the movement deserve the hearty thanks of all relatives and friends of soldiers who have fought and fallen.—
[Photo, by Photopress.]



Duke of Connaught: British Prince and Indian Chief.



INSPECTING STONY INDIANS: "CHIEF" THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AT ALBERTA.

Picturesque, unconventional, and impressive, was the investiture, at Alberta, on July 15, of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught with the insignia and costume of a Chief of the Stony Tribe of Indians. The ceremony took place on the racecourse, in the presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, who spoke with some of the Indian Chiefs and Braves, their squaws and

papoose. Our first photograph shows the scene on the racecourse, and our second the Duke, wearing his "bonnet" as Great Mountain Chief—Tenchaka Eeyake Oonka—of the Stony Tribe. Chief George McLean and Mr. N. K. Luxton read Addresses, to which the Duke made appreciative replies, the Rev. Dr. John McDougall acting as interpreter.

Canadian Representatives in the Grand Fleet.



ONE WAY IN WHICH THE DOMINION HELPS AT SEA: TWO CANADIAN SUBMARINES.

When the notorious German cargo-carrying submarine, "Deutschland," made her noisily advertised appearance in Baltimore Harbour, U.S.A., it was widely trumpeted among neutrals by the German Press and also by certain hyphenated American newspaper writers in the United States, that the "Deutschland's" voyage across the Atlantic was a record performance in every respect. "Germany,"

declared one writer, "has performed what the rest of the world declared to be impossible!" As a fact, not only had British submarines been navigated to Australia before the war, but Canadian-built submarines had since the war began crossed the Atlantic to British waters for service with the Grand Fleet. Two Canadian submarines are seen above, lying alongside a dockyard wharf.—[Photo, Topical.]



Direct Hits on German Guns at Pozières.



EVIDENCE OF GOOD SHOOTING BY THE BRITISH ARTILLERY: GERMAN GUNS KNOCKED OUT AT POZIÈRES.

These photographs, taken during the British advance, show the shattering effects of direct hits obtained by our guns on some of the enemy's at Pozières, where there was very heavy fighting before the position was finally carried, on August 4, by Australian and English troops. On the subject of our artillery's work here, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "One thing must have disheartened the

German troops. . . . The British guns, which should have been worn out, and the British gunners, supposed to be exhausted, went on firing. They went on all yesterday, as on the day before, and more than a month of yesterdays, with their long, steady bombardment. . . . Long-range guns were reaching out to places far behind the German lines."—[Official Photographs issued by the Press Bureau.]

Aug. 16, 1916

**"Anzac" Gunners at Work in Hot Weather.****STRIPPED TO THE WAIST, LIKE NELSON'S SAILORS: AUSTRALIAN GUNNERS IN THE BRITISH ADVANCE.**

The Australians are not slow to discard superfluous clothing in hot weather, and in their *déshabille* they work their guns with magnificent vigour. They did the same in Gallipoli, and doubtless they do the same in Egypt, where they have lately been distinguishing themselves, as on the Western Front, near Pozières. Our photographs, taken during the British offensive in France, show (above)

the gunners with a shell ready to insert in the gun; and (below) ramming it home. A British despatch of August 5 stated: "North of Pozières a local attack last night, in which the Australians and troops of the New Army took part, was completely successful." Further successes were announced on the 9th.—[Official Photographs issued by the Press Bureau.]

THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: HAND FIREARMS.

ALTHOUGH the successful use of hand firearms for throwing projectiles dates from some time in the fourteenth century, devices coming within this category were used in very early times for stampeding cattle and horses. These weapons took the form of iron tubes covered with wood, and lashed round with hemp, hides, or similar materials. They were loaded with alternate layers of powder and inflammable balls. The charge was ignited at the muzzle, and the flaming balls went off one after another like those of a "Roman-candle" of to-day.

One of the earliest "hand cannons," throwing a solid ball as a ballistic projectile, is that illustrated in Fig. 1. This device comprises an iron barrel attached to a wooden stock, the latter to be placed on the shoulder when the weapon was fired. The application of a lighted match to the touch-hole near the breech end of the barrel discharged the piece, which was loaded from the muzzle. Weapons of this type came in about the middle of the fourteenth century. A later type, with a more suitable stock,

charge in a hand-gun by the application of fire to the old type of touch-hole soon led to attempted improvements in firing devices. The first result was the "matchlock," in which a "serpentin" or pivoted "hammer" held in its "nose" an inflammable substance. This, when the trigger was pulled, became ignited by passing contact with a "slow match," kept burning in a suitable position on the barrel. On the hammer continuing its fall, it finally applied the fire to the touch-hole. This was one of the first devices by means of which guns could be fired by merely

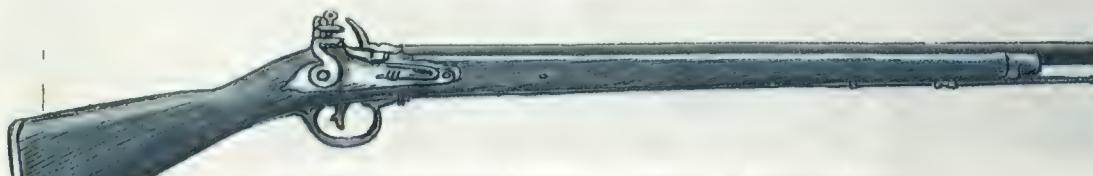
pulling a trigger. The sixteenth-century arquebus (Fig. 6) is provided with a firing device of this type. The form of ignition was very unreliable, particularly in wet weather. At the Battle of Dunbar, 1650, the firearms of

the English were for that reason practically useless.

The remedy for this trouble was found in the employment of flint and steel. The wheel-lock, produced at Nuremberg early in the sixteenth century, was one of the first reasonably successful devices for effecting the discharge of firearms by



A.—AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FLINT-LOCK:
THE BLUNDERBUSS.



B.—AS USED IN NAPOLEON'S ARMY: A FRENCH WATERLOO MUSKET.

appears in Fig. 2. Fig. 3 shows a similar weapon whose stock takes the form of a battle-axe head. In view of the crude nature of the firearm, it was probably a more destructive weapon as battle-axe than as a gun. Fig. 4 shows a "handgonne" adapted for use on horseback. An iron rod in this case takes the place of the stock. A hole through the after-end of this rod accommodated a cord which, passing round the neck of the horseman, supported the breech end of the piece, the muzzle being carried in a fork on the saddle-bow. In the reign of Henry VIII. a pistol-shield (Figs. 5a and 5b) was invented, and a number of such were made by command of the King. It was a weapon of offence and defence, a crude form of breech-loading pistol being attached to a shield, with its muzzle projecting through the shield. The breech was inside the shield, which also afforded cover for the user.

The difficulties attending the ignition of the

this means. A toothed steel wheel was caused to revolve by means of a spring when the pull of the trigger released its retaining pawl, or catch. Whilst the wheel was rapidly revolving, a piece of flint was brought into contact with its teeth, the resulting stream of sparks falling on the priming powder communicating with the touch-hole. The spring was wound up when the piece was reloaded.

After the "wheel-lock" came the "flint-lock" (shown in Fig. 14).

A piece of flint, held in the nose of a spring-operated hammer, struck a slanting blow on the vertical portion of a hinged lid covering a priming-pan containing

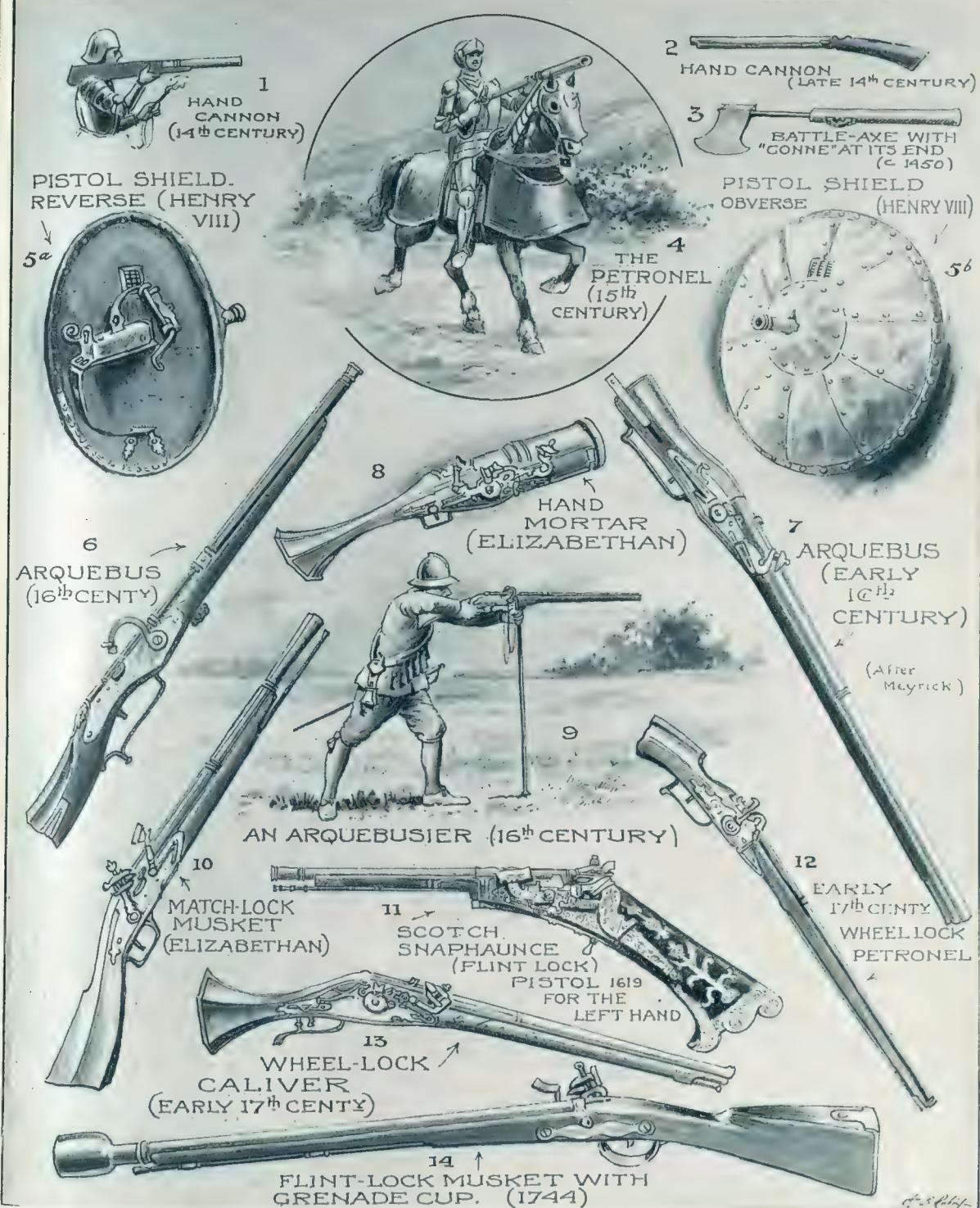


C.—AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY INVENTION:
A SEVEN-BARRELED FLINT-LOCK CARBINE.

powder. The blow caused the lid to fly open, and the sparks resulting from it fell on the powder in the priming-pan, which communicated with the charge inside the barrel through a horizontal touch-hole. This form survived to some extent until 1857, when the "Brown Bess," was superseded by the Enfield muzzle-loader fired by a percussion-cap — the first really reliable form of ignition.

[Continued opposite.]

The Beginnings of War-Machines: Hand firearms.



FOUR CENTURIES OF MUSKET EVOLUTION: PREDECESSORS OF THE RIFLE.

Continued.
It remains to-day, although it is now placed in the cartridge instead of being on an outside nipple at the breech end of the barrel. The performance of early weapons as "arms of precision" was unsatisfactory down to the days of "Brown Bess." That weapon's effective range was supposed to be 200 yards, but no reliance could be placed on its accuracy except at very close

quarters. Soldiers usually reserved their fire until they could see the whites of their enemy's eyes. The erratic flight of the ball from the old smooth-bore musket was caused by the escape of gas between the spherical ball and the barrel of the weapon, known as "windage," and this deflection remained until the adoption of "rifling" permitted the use of a long and partly cylindrical bullet.



The Tale of Bricks and the Tale of Water.



BRICKS AND WATER: ROAD-REPAIR; AND SOLDIERS' WATER-SUPPLY DURING OUR ADVANCE.

In the upper photograph some of our men are seen collecting bricks in a captured village, for repairing roads. The lower one shows how water for the troops is stored in the trenches, in butts strongly protected by timber and sand-bags. In an interesting account of the "Army behind the Army," Lord Northcliffe wrote recently, after a visit to the British front: "Presently we come

to the roads where one sees one of the triumphs of the war—the transport which brings the ammunition for the guns and the food for the men, a transport which has had to meet all kinds of unexpected difficulties. The last is water, for our troops are approaching a part of France which is as chalky and dry as our South Downs."—[Official Photographs issued by the Press Bureau.]

Aug. 16, 1916

Black Watch Pipers; and a "flying Pig."



DURING OUR ADVANCE: THE BLACK WATCH ON THE MARCH; AND LOADING A TRENCH-MORTAR.

The upper photograph shows the Black Watch marching back from the trenches headed by their pipers; the lower one, some British soldiers loading a trench-mortar, the shell of which is known at the front as "a flying pig." The pipers of the Scottish regiments have shown their accustomed heroism in this war. Describing an attack by Highlanders at Longueval recently, Mr. Philip Gibbs

wrote: "They were led forward by their pipers, who went with them . . . into the thick of the battle. It was to the tune of 'The Campbells are Coming' that one regiment went forward. . . . Then the pipes screamed out the 'Charge,' the most awful music to be heard by men who have the Highlanders against them!"—
[Official Photographs issued by the Press Bureau.]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: X.—THE 27TH BENGAL INFANTRY.

THE GOD "NIKALSAIN."

A LEGENDARY glory has gathered about the name of more than one British soldier in India, but to John Nicholson, of the 27th (and later of the 41st) Bengal Infantry, divine honours have been paid; for the natives he impressed by his prowess in the field and by his iron rule as an administrator came at length to regard him as a god. He went out to India to join the Army when he was only seventeen, and two years later, in 1841, he played a memorable part in the defence of Ghazni, Afghanistan, thus laying the foundation of that career which, cut short at thirty-four, placed him in the foremost rank of our Anglo-Indian heroes.

After his arrival in India young Nicholson set himself to study the native languages, but these peaceful pursuits were interrupted by orders for his regiment to form part of a force that was to relieve the 16th at Ghazni, which lies eighty-five miles south-west of Kabul. The fortress was weakly held, and had already been more than seriously threatened by the Afghans, who were in a most unsettled state. Things rapidly went from bad to worse, and in bitter December weather the enemy reappeared in force before the walls of Ghazni, and, pouring in through a breach dug for them by their friends inside the town, drove the garrison into the citadel. Then began a period of great misery. Food was

marksman, whose long jezails outranged the smooth bores of the Sepoys. In January the British were practically starved out, and, two months later, were fain to make terms. They were to march out with the honours of war, and occupy new quarters in the city. On March 6 they evacuated the citadel, with colours flying, under promise of a safe conduct to Peshawar when the snows in the passes should have melted.

But there was no faith in the Afghan of that time. Next day the British force was set upon by a crowd of fanatical natives, who stormed the houses where the English officers and their native troops had found shelter. For two days Nicholson and Lieutenant Crawford, with two companies of Sepoys, fought for their lives in a burning building, defending room by room as the flames forced them to retire. They were without food and water, and were worn out, but they contrived with their bayonets to dig through the back wall of the house and drop down into

the street. Thence they made their way to the quarters held by the other survivors. These were crowded with men, women, and children in a terrible plight, for the place was constantly harassed by the big guns of the citadel. But they held out until March 20, when they surrendered for the second time, receiving, with mistrust, further fair



FALLEN FOR THE EMPIRE IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA: A MEMORIAL STONE ERECTED BY COMRADES.

This memorial stone has been erected in memory of the men of one of our mounted corps serving in East Africa, who fell in action at Longido in November 1914. Comrades of the same squadron provided it, and set it up at the foot of the German position.



AS IT APPEARED ON CAPTURE, DURING THE WESTERN FRONT OFFENSIVE:
A GERMAN HOWITZER.

This is one of the German heavy guns referred to in the despatches as pieces there had not been time to bring in as yet.—[Official Press Bureau Photograph.]

scarce, the hours of duty interminable, and the defenders were constantly sniped by the Afghan

promises of good treatment. Nicholson was most reluctant to give in. Three times he drove the

[Continued overleaf.]



A Peeress's Kindly Thought for Mothers.



"MOTHERS' DAY": LADY BYRON ENTERTAINS MOTHERS OF FIGHTING MEN TO TEA.

It was an admirable and most kindly idea that a "day," August 8, should be set aside for some special mark of recognition of mothers, upon whom the anxieties and sorrows of the war have fallen heavily enough. As Coleridge says: "A mother is a mother still, The holiest thing alive," and the mothers of the Empire have borne their burdens bravely. Our photographs show

Lady Byron and some of her friends, entertaining to tea in the grounds of Byron Cottage, Hampstead Heath, a number of mothers of the "boys" who are doing, or have done, such splendid service to their country. The sad-coloured dresses of some of the guests tell their own story. It is well to know that they, too, are in the thoughts of the nation in this time of stress.—[Photo. by C.N.]

Afghan guard before him at the point of the bayonet before, with tears in his eyes, he bade his men yield and flung his sword at the feet of his captors. For nearly a year—tortured, threatened, and robbed—the survivors of the Ghazni garrison were kept in captivity. But even in this desperate pass Nicholson showed that mastery of the native mind which was his supreme gift. He alone of the party was not robbed of every article of value he possessed. He managed to keep a little locket containing his mother's hair. He did this not by craft or by persuasion, but simply by those downright methods which the Oriental understands and respects. When Nicholson was ordered to give up the trinket, he flung it at the sirdar's head. The act might have cost him his life then and there; but no. "He seemed," writes Nicholson, "to like it, for he gave strict orders that the locket was not to be taken from me."

thrashings to which their divinity treated them in return for their devotion. The more Nikalsain thrashed his ardent worshippers, the more they loved and venerated him. The sect grew and flourished.

A man of his time, the priest of the Nikalsainis had his eye not only upon religion, but upon the main chance. He worried Sir James Abbott, a friend of Nicholson's, for the gift of an old top hat, which that official, somewhat mystified, at length gave him. Thereby hung a queer tale. One day a native shopkeeper rushed into Abbott's office and complained that the fakir had come begging to his door, and, being refused, produced the ancient tile, which he set upon the ground and dared the tradesman to advance and outrage the *sahib-log* by treading upon it. To avoid so dire a contingency, the poor merchant parted with a rupee towards the funds of the Nikalsaini. This



A FRENCH PRISON-SHIP FOR CAPTURED GERMANS: WASHING-DAY ON BOARD.

Numbers of the German prisoners in France are found useful employment on harbour works and in coast reclamation. They are housed in cargo-steamers hired by the French Government at various ports.—[Photo. by C.N.]

That act was an earnest of the Nikalsain to be, that Deputy Commissioner of a Punjab district who, at the age of twenty-seven, was feared and adored, and by his wise though stern justice did more than any man to exalt and confirm the authority of the British name in India. His subjects invested him with, perhaps, more than his fair share of the fame he had won in the late Sikh war, and acclaimed him as the supreme conqueror. From that it was an easy step to apotheosis.

A Gosain, or Hindu devotee, saw in Nikalsain a new incarnation of Brahma, and began to preach the gospel of the Deputy Commissioner's godhead. He was joined by other believers, and they instituted a new sect, the Nikalsainis. Every day they prayed, with characteristic fervour, to the new Avatar, and refused to be discouraged by the

subtle combination of religion and profit was too much for Abbott. He required the devotee to withdraw from the district. He did so, but only to seek Nicholson at Derajat and resume his pious efforts. Again Nicholson rewarded him with the proverbial alternative of halfpence, and he went home, a little subdued, but still faithful to his belief.

Brigadier-General Nicholson's glorious and tragic fate before Delhi forms one of the most romantic passages of Lord Roberts's memoirs. Death did not extinguish the Nikalsain legend, and in Northern India the natives still whisper his name with awe and affection. To favoured eyes he is believed to be visible even yet, and among Indian minstrels there lingers a ballad to his honour.

The Queen's Tribute to East End Patriotism.



CHATTING WITH RELATIVES OF SOLDIERS: HER MAJESTY INSPECTING STREET ROLLS OF HONOUR.

The informality and kindness of the Queen's visit to South Hackney on August 10, to inspect local Rolls of Honour, were immensely appreciated by the people. Her Majesty left her car and talked personally with relatives of men who have answered the country's call, and placed flowers beside the Rolls. Our photograph was taken in Palace Road, from which 211 men had volun-

tarily enlisted out of a total of 77 houses. The Queen, who was attended by Lady Mary Trefusis and Sir Edward Wallington, also visited Rolls of Honour in Balcombe Street, Havelock Road, Frampton Park Road, and Eaton Place. This excellent system of recording local patriotism was instituted by the Rev. B. S. Batty, Rector of St. John of Jerusalem, South Hackney.—[Photo. by C.N.]

With the British Troops at Salonika.



KILTS—WITH BROAD-BRIMMED HATS; AND A SYLVAN SURGERY: SUMMER SCENES AT SALONIKA

With the upper photograph, showing some of the British troops at Salonika, the following description is supplied: "Why the Greeks smile. The crowd of customers. Note the unusual combination of kilts and broad-brimmed hats." Apparently the men are making purchases at a Greek store, but as to the nature of the goods history is silent. Of the lower photograph, it is stated:

"This great hollow sycamore is used as a surgery by the doctor attached to _____ Divisional Headquarters." Recent news from Salonika has concerned chiefly the successful resumption of fighting by the Serbians, but Mr. Ward Price wrote on the 8th: "For the first time for many months the British were engaged in bomb and bayonet fighting on this front."—[Official Photographs. Crown copyright reserved.]



Puggarees and Sun-Helmets in Vogue at Salonika.



A SPELL OF TROPICAL HEAT FOR OUR TROOPS AT SALONIKA : ROLLING PUGGAREES FOR SUN-HELMETS.

The upper of these two photographs, taken recently at Salonika, shows the method of rolling a 9-yard-long muslin puggaree for a sun-helmet. In the lower one is seen the process of rolling it round the helmet. "It is an insidious characteristic of the climate of Salonika," says Mr. Ward Price in a recent despatch from thence, "that in a hot summer like this it has most of the

characteristics of the tropics, but, owing to its being situated in Europe, life is organised as if nothing more torrid were to be expected than an English June. Sun-helmets, smoked spectacles, puggarees, and light drill clothes have all had to be adopted as the thermometer has climbed relentlessly higher."—[Official Photographs. Crown copyright reserved.]



The Might of Britain's New Artillery: One of Our



HOW THE BRITISH ARTILLERY BLASTS A WAY FOR THE INFANTRY THROUGH THE GERMAN

Our big guns, of the type shown in the above photograph, make havoc in the German trenches and enable the troops to break through. Describing recently the work of the British artillery near Pozières and Guillemont, M. Marcel Hutin, the well-known French writer, said: "The great 15-inch guns fire with extraordinary precision a 1700-lb. shell, containing a new secret and terrible

explosive aeroplane counter

One of Our Big Guns in Action During the Advance.



THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES: A LONG-RANGE MONSTER PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MOMENT OF FIRING.

... to break
own French
and terrible
explosive, to a distance of seven miles, and can fire one shell per minute. The aim is regulated with remarkable precision by aeroplane and wireless... these huge guns are really mobile weapons. I saw men lay, take up, and lay down again across the country in a few hours railway lines sufficient for moving these enormous guns rapidly forward."—[Official Photo. issued by the Press Bureau.]

Italian Alpine Warfare in the Eternal Snows.



IN THE MOUNTAINS WHILE COMRADES TRIUMPH ON THE ISONZO: ITALIANS IN CADORE AND TRENTO.

The upper photograph shows an Italian blockhouse in Cadore at a height of over 8000 ft., and the lower one some tents and huts at a mountain position in the Trentino at an altitude almost as great. The magnificent Italian victory on the Isonzo has eclipsed for the moment the wonderful feats of the Alpini in Italy's more mountainous fronts in Cadore and the Trentino. In the latter

district it will be remembered that the Italian troops successfully withstood a great Austrian offensive in May, and on June 16 began a victorious counter-offensive there, driving the enemy headlong back into the mountains. Much of the fighting in the Trentino and Cadore has to be conducted amid the perpetual snows, the snow-line in the Alps ranging from about 7500 to 9000 ft.



Italy's Victorious Advance: A Mountain March.

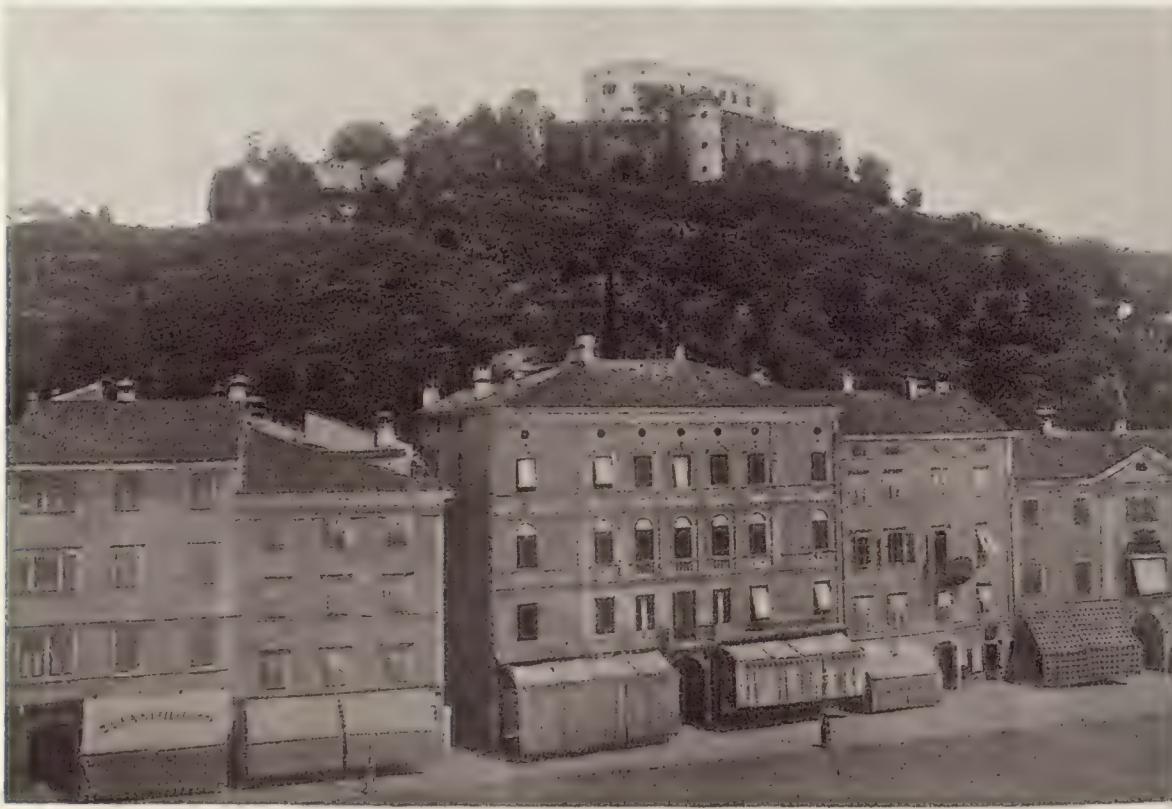


TROOPS OF THE TRIUMPHANT ITALIAN ARMY: A COLUMN APPROACHING THE GARIBALDI SHELTER.

An interesting account of the Italian campaign in the Alps was given recently by a "Times" military correspondent. "The Italians," he writes, "were the first people in Europe, except the Swiss, to organise mountain warfare scientifically, and in their Alpine Groups they possess a force unrivalled for combat in the higher mountains. . . . Over nine-tenths of Italy's frontier the

war is Alpine, and . . . Italian soldiers have brought the art of mountain fighting to a degree of perfection never attained before. . . . The time allowed for big things in the Alps by big armies is strictly limited. . . . There are winter defences to be made in snow, and summer defences in earth and rock. . . . The barbed-wire *chevaux-de-frise* are often covered by snow in a night."

The Italian Triumph: Gorizia, the Captured Town.



"THE AUSTRIAN NICE" TAKEN BY THE ITALIAN ARMY ON AUGUST 9: VIEWS OF GORIZIA.

The upper photograph shows a general view of Gorizia from the height of Podgora, and the lower one some buildings in the town, with the castle beyond. An Italian official communiqué of August 9 said: "This morning our troops entered the town of Gorizia. . . . Up till now we have taken about 10,000 prisoners, and more are coming in." This important and long-looked-for

victory has been hailed with the utmost enthusiasm throughout Italy. Gorizia, which lies on the left bank of the Isonzo some 36 miles from Trieste, has been called "the Austrian Nice," from its mild climate, picturesque surroundings, and fertility in flowers and fruit. It is essentially Italian. In the old part is the castle of the former Counts of Gorizia, now a barracks.—[Photos. by C.N.]



A Somme front Snapshot: The fog of War.



A GERMAN ARTIFICE FOR COVERING A DAY-TIME ATTACK: A SMOKE-BOMB BURSTING.

The German smoke-bombs are largely used to cover day-time attacks with the bayonet where the trenches are only a short distance apart. A photograph taken quite close to one of the bombs at the moment of its explosion is given here. Ordinarily they are thrown by trench-mortars, which lob them over to burst on impact just in front of the trenches opposite, near the points

selected for assault. A number are fired simultaneously, extending over the whole space to be attacked in a line of bursting bombs. The dense, black smoke created is spread wider by means of a chemical powder intermingled with the bursting charge, which acts in the middle of the dense column thrown up and widens the area of smoke-fog caused by the shell.—[French War Office Photograph.]

FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: I.—THE CHARMED LIFE.

A "WOUNDED" was in a bath-chair on the sea-front. He looked weak and painfully ill. This is his story.

From the beginning of his fighting days he seemed to be set aside for breathless experiences. His battalion was shelled when they arrived in billets at the front, and they picked this man out—with a certainty that the worst had happened—from amid the shattered beams and broken bricks of a house. One big beam, large enough to crush to death the strongest man, was across his stomach. But it had stopped before it touched him. The débris upheld it and he was safe. In fact, there was scarcely a bruise on him when they got him out.

Going into the trenches for the first time the man before him and the man following him in single file were shot. He was not touched. When he had been in the trenches a few days a "crump" blew in his section of the parapet. The man with him was killed outright, he himself was buried to the hips, and the crumping continued for several minutes. When the dust and smoke had finally settled and his comrades could get at him, they found his clothes badly tattered, but himself cheerful and unhurt.

The next thing that happened to him was a bomb. It came over the parapet in a solid German manner, and fell between his feet. He guessed he was a dead man then. The trenches were particularly narrow here, and he was hemmed in by a traverse. He

had, also, no more than a second or so to do his thinking. He threw the man who was with him flat, and sat on the fellow's back and waited. It seemed he waited for a million years, but the bomb went off all right. There was an explosion that nearly made him insane, and a wildness of smoke. He felt a great blow on his chest, and he guessed that this time his luck had fizzled. But

it had not. He picked an ugly piece of iron out of the khaki of his chest, and found a large, unlovely bruise underneath. Nothing more. He was so little shaken that he did not even think of leaving the trench.

He began to think that, after all, he wasn't born to be strafed. He acted on the idea. He did daring things. He went out across No Man's Land in a number of raids, and one, at least, should have ended him. This was a raid that didn't "function."

Something had upset the Germans in front, and they were irritable and alert. The party had no sooner reached the wire when the star-lights went aloft in unattractive numbers, and the German machine-guns began to work overtime.

There were a good many casualties to the British party, but some of them got back. The man was not among that number. At the moment the Germans opened fire he found himself right in the line of one of the machine-guns. He felt bullets snatching and whipping at his

clothes even as he dropped prone. Fortunately, he dropped into a shell-hole, and the main

[Continued overleaf.]



TAKING OUT ONE OF THE AEROPLANES PRESENTED
BY FRANCE: A SERBIAN AIR SQUAD AT SALONIKA:

To complete the war equipment of the re-organised Serbian Army, the French have supplied the forces at Salonika with aeroplanes, in the handling of which Serbian airmen are trained regularly. They make constant practice flights.—[Photo, by Illustrations Bureau.]



ENABLING AMMUNITION AND STORES TO KEEP UP WITH THE BRITISH
ADVANCE IN THE "GREAT PUSH": A LABOUR BATTALION ROAD-MAKING.

The navy Labour battalions raised by Colonel John Ward, M.P., as units of the London Regiment, are doing notable "spade-work" at the front, close in rear of the firing-line.

Official Press Bureau Photograph.

On the Battlefield in the British Offensive.



WOUNDED GERMAN PRISONERS: A PARTY GOING TO HOSPITAL—A SOLDIER DISTRIBUTING WATER.

In the upper illustration a party of wounded German prisoners, able to walk, are seen arriving at a British advanced dressing-station, from the trenches in which they were captured. A general glance at their uniforms suggests that they are men of several different regiments. In the lower illustration we have a characteristic instance of the kindly nature of the British soldier. The scene is

at one end of a captured trench, and the Germans shown have not long been prisoners. Some of their captors are in the background keeping guard until the prisoners can be moved away. Red Cross attendants are at work among them, while one of our men is taking round water. The humarer instincts survive the ordeal of war.—[Official Photograph issued by Press Bureau.]

stream of bullets swept over and clear of him. The shell-hole protected him only while he remained still. The Germans were firing along the ground to destroy the illusions of any man who thought that to hug Mother Earth was to be safe. Two or three times the man tried to crawl out of his hole and get away; each time bullets whipped very close to him, even snapped through his clothes again. Day came and he was still in his hole, alone, and in a dangerous position. He remained quiet as long as he could, but his anxiety made him venturesome. He tried to get back to the shelter of the British parapets once more. The Germans saw him with uncanny celerity, and they spent an athletic day trying to lob bombs into his shell-hole. The German was not trained on the playing fields of England, so that most of his full-pitchers were wide, but some were not. After bombs had exploded with an air of finality in the shell-hole there came such an immobility about the spot that the British in the trenches concluded that the man had been killed. But he clambered back over the parapets that night. He was Homericly hungry, and super-Homericly thirsty. There were bullet-holes or marks in every garment—exterior and interior—and the smoke of the bombs had made his eyes sore. But he was untouched. It would take a good deal of time to chronicle all the things that man survived, the number of times he seemed to be scheduled for wounds and death—and came out

unscratched. He was blown up by shells once or twice. He took part in an offensive or two and turned up with the remnants of his platoon, unbowed and unbloody. He had a long duel with a particularly brilliant sniper and had beaten him. A bullet should have passed through his head in a dug-out, only at that critical moment he happened to be leaning forward to read a difficult word in a letter from Blighty. He carried a message, at one time, over a patch of shell-trap



MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S REVIEW OF A CANADIAN DIVISION: GENERAL SIR SAM HUGHES LEADING THE CHEERS FOR THE WAR MINISTER.

Mr. Lloyd George's first review as War Minister took place at the camp of a Canadian Division in England. The Canadian War Minister, General Sir Sam Hughes, accompanied him.—[Photo. by C.N.]

that had killed the three messengers who had tried the task before him. He had been in a working party that had been caught by a machine-gun. The swing of the machine-gun stopped just as it killed the man next him. He had been in a trench that had been isolated by a barrage and had lived well beyond the limits of his iron ration and the water-supply—and had survived where others did not. He had been a member of an indomitable regiment that had mustered a sergeant, a lance-corporal, and three privates after a terrible fight, and he was one of the privates.

He had hobnobbed with Death as no other man had; he should have been slain or wounded a thousand times, it seemed. And had not even been touched. His adventures and escapes were almost epic. There was something immense and transcendent about them.

And yet here he is in a bath-chair, on the sea-front, weak, and painfully ill. He has been invalided home with an attack of summer influenza. W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



TROPHIES TO BE ON VIEW IN ENGLAND SOON: A FEW OF THE GERMAN GUNS CAPTURED BY US DURING THE RECENT FIGHTING.

These are a few specimens of the guns taken from the enemy in July, some of which, it has been stated in Parliament, are being brought to England for public exhibition.

Those shown are field-guns, with, near the centre, a position-gun.

Official Press Bureau Photograph.



The Enemy and his Limbless Soldiers.



IN BREST-LITOVSK HOSPITAL : CRIPPLED AUSTRIANS PRACTISING WALKING WITH ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

The hospital authorities in Germany and Austria are taking specially devised measures with regard to the training of their maimed and permanently crippled soldiers in the use of the appliances supplied to the men to make good as far as possible the loss of their limbs. A special surgical commission at Berlin and Vienna has had the matter in hand since early in the war,

and has held exhibitions of the appliances. These illustrations, from a German paper, show wounded men, Austrians, being taught how to walk with artificial legs at the War Hospital at Brest-Litovsk, in Poland. They are seen practising in a regular drill to lift their artificial feet over undulating surfaces and obstacles (as on a road), and to maintain their balance while using the limbs.

On the Italian front: Close-Action Artillery.



SHORT-RANGE PIECES FOUND EXCEPTIONALLY EFFECTIVE: PATTERNS OF TRENCH "BOMBARDS."

There is necessarily a certain sameness not only of methods of warfare but also in the apparatus employed on all fronts, in consequence of the universality of trench fighting. Whether among the Russians on the Riga front where, as far as is known at the time of writing, no general advance in force has taken shape; at Ypres; in Champagne; or with the Italians in the Trentino,

practically identical appliances are in use. The two illustrations here show two kinds of mortars, or small howitzers, which the Italians use for trench-fighting. "Bombards" is the name given them. In the upper illustration is seen a bombard of 210-mm. (8 inches) with an artillery officer by it; in the lower is another type of Italian bombard.—[Photos. by H. Manuel.]

On the Italian front: Close-Action Projectiles.



USEFUL TYPES: A WING-HEADED SHELL AND AN AIR-TORPEDO IN A GUN.

It is largely by aid of the kinds of projectiles shown here that the Italians on the Isonzo front, particularly, are succeeding in forcing their way forward across the entrenched Austrian positions on the plateaux towards Trieste. The advance has necessitated the taking of trench after trench by bombardment at close quarters followed by direct attacks. The nature of the ground has precluded

hitherto the onsweping tactics that the French and ourselves find practicable in the West. In the first illustration Italian artillerymen are seen carrying a wing-headed shell for a large-calibre trench-mortar. In the second, an air-torpedo of the ordinary pattern is seen ready loaded in a trench-mortar of the *minenwerfer* type.—[Photos. by H. Manuel.]



flies and films: Salonika front Incidents.



WAR APPLIANCES: A MOSQUITO-CURTAINED AMBULANCE LITTER—A CINEMA CAMERA.

In the upper illustration is seen a field-ambulance litter, mule-drawn, and of a special design, used on the Salonika front. The long shaft-poles with slightly turned-up lower ends are so devised for getting over rough ground where wheeled traffic is impossible owing to the lack of made roads. The litter itself, slung on the poles so as to remain horizontal, has all openings draped with

gauze netting to keep out the flies and mosquitoes, which swarm everywhere. In the lower photograph one of the cinematograph operators at the front, some of whose films are being shown in England, is seen with the Salonika army taking a picture of quick-firing gun shooting through a trench loop-hole. The operators repeatedly run risks.—[Official Photographs.]

"P. G."—But Not Persona Grata!



GERMAN PRISONERS OF THE FRENCH: PLACING CLOTHES IN A DISINFECTING-CHAMBER.

The number of German prisoners taken by the French in the first push in Picardy was over 6000. Nearly 3000 more were captured on the 20th, and the total has since increased. At Verdun some 1700 were taken on August 4. They are very well treated by our chivalrous Allies. Lord Northcliffe writes: "The authorities at home seem to hide our German prisoners. In France they work,

and in public, and are content with their lot, as I know by personal inquiry of many of them. Save for the letters 'P.G.' (*prisonnier de guerre*) at the back of their coats, it would be difficult to realise that comfortable-looking, middle-aged Landsturm Hans, with his long pipe, and young Fritz, with his cigarette, were prisoners at all." —[Official Photographs authorised by the French War Office.]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

WOMEN in these days are divided into two classes—those who wear khaki and those who don't. But usually, since most women are doing some sort of work just now, the distinction between them is only dress deep. Mufti, whether its wearer is in trousers or skirt, does not necessarily symbolise the slacker. The khaki woman is, of course, rather a more picturesque figure than her less conspicuous though equally useful colleague. But, her work apart, she serves another and a quite important purpose, for she is a constant reminder that this war, at any rate, is not only a man's game, and she is, as it were, the outward and visible symbol of the practical genius which women have brought to bear on the unexpected problems with which they have been confronted during the last two years.

Nowadays the petticoated platoons of the khaki brigade are accepted as a matter of course. It was otherwise when they made their first public appearance. Ignorant people smiled a superior smile at "the women who can't keep away from apeing men," and prophesied their speedy disappearance. That was in the early days of the war, before it had been acknowledged that women were of "invaluable use to the State." Jeers notwithstanding, the numbers of those who joined the ranks of the khaki women increased every day. Now they are counted by thousands, and there is no job, from washing dishes at a hospital to driving a motor-ambulance, that they

are not ready and willing to undertake. Probably the best testimony to their efficiency is the ever-increasing demand for their services, and particularly in regard to canteen work.

It was only four or five weeks after the declaration of war that the appearance of companies of women, dressed in a neat khaki uniform of Norfolk coat and skirt, leather belt, brown shoes, spat-puttees, and felt hat, marching through the streets of London first startled steady-going citizens, and gave them a faint inkling of the active part women were to play in the struggle. They were the Women's Volunteer Reserve, founded under the auspices of the Women's Emergency Corps (whose activities have already been described) by the Hon. Evelina Haverfield, and they claimed to be ready to help the State in any direction in which it might require their service. Starting as a comparatively small body, the Corps has now eight London companies, forty branches throughout the country, four battalions in Canada, and a membership of over 10,000.



STRENUOUS WORK FOR WAR-HELPERS: WOMEN IN THE GAS-WORKS.

In the absence of men who have joined the colours, from the Somerset parish of Chew Magna, women-workers have taken up their strenuous tasks in the gas-works, under the supervision of a manager, Mrs. Summers and her daughter open and refill retorts, although the heat is terrific.

Photograph by Photopress.



SPORTSWOMEN AND WAR-WORK: LADIES IN A DÉPÔT FOR CONVALESCENT REMOUNTS.

The value of sport as a training for the "great game" has been proved a thousand times at the Front, and it has also been shown in cases such as that illustrated, where a group of ladies, obviously good sportswomen who know how to "dress the part," are seen cheerily carrying saddles, bridles, and so on, to clean, and looking businesslike and smart, as sportswomen should.—[Photo. by Alfieri.]

Recently the newspapers have been emphasising the need for the services of voluntary workers in hospitals and in other directions, and a list of the activities of the W.V.R. shows how wide is the field in which workers are needed. There is ambulance work, for instance. If it should happen, and it has happened over and over again in

[Continued overleaf.]



A War-Time Transformation in Eaton Square.



A BELGRAVIAN MANSION FOR THE WOUNDED: THE COUNTESS OF DUNDONALD'S HOSPITAL.

The Countess of Dundonald generously bought No. 87, Eaton Square, equipped it as a hospital, and is maintaining it with the co-operation of those who have given beds. The hospital is being conducted by the Hon. Margaret Amherst, a sister of the Baroness Amherst of Hackney, and the staff of the Norfolk 110 V.A.D., who, by special permission, have transferred their services to the London

area. Miss Amherst is a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. The mansion makes a lordly home for the gallant wounded inmates. The Countess of Dundonald was, before her marriage, Miss Winifred Bamforth-Hesketh, only child of the late Mr. Robert Bamforth-Hesketh, formerly 2nd Life Guards, of Gwrych Castle, Abergale, North Wales.—[Photo. by C.N.]

London, that a hospital wants the services of a chauffeur and an ambulance-van for the transportation of stretcher cases, the Corps will, on request, very quickly supply both. Or, again, wounded soldiers are constantly being entertained by hospitable people who, however, are not always



ENTERTAINING THE WOUNDED IN THE COUNTESS OF DUNDONALD'S HOSPITAL: "SISTER" THE HON. MARGARET AMHERST PLAYS TO THE PATIENTS.

The Countess of Dundonald generously purchased and equipped No 87, Eaton Square, and is maintaining it as a hospital for wounded soldiers, with the co-operation of friends who have given beds. The Hon. Margaret Amherst is conducting the hospital, aided by her staff of the Norfolk 110 V.A.D. Miss Amherst, who is a sister of the Baroness Amherst of Hackney, and a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, gives her patients much enjoyment by playing to them when time permits. — [Photo. by C.N.]

able to provide the necessary conveyances for their guests. Such an emergency has been met by the Corps over and over again. Here are a few more of their activities. They have regularly carried bales of medical supplies and other hospital accessories for the central workrooms of the British Red Cross Society, they have transported food for the Belgian Refugees Food Fund, and there is a town "somewhere in England" that remembers with a rather amazed gratitude the complete calmness and indifference to personal danger shown by the local stretcher squad of the W.V.R. when "called out" for duty on the occasion of a quite considerable Zeppelin raid. They have helped on "Flag" days, and acted as stewards at the various in-aid-of entertainments which have, for the time being, become almost a feature of our national life; and cleaning Admiralty cars or carrying despatches to and from aircraft stations have been included in their duties.

Canteen work is a branch of activity the importance of which is being repeatedly urged by people interested in the physical and moral welfare of those who are engaged on work of national importance. The

country can't do without the workers, and the workers can't do without the food and recreation necessary to keep them fit. So the W.V.R. has canteen squads who work in relays from 9 p.m. every night until 7 a.m. next morning in the Y.M.C.A. canteens at Woolwich Arsenal, as well as in other munition areas throughout the country; and, afterwards, not a few will hurry off, after a hasty breakfast and a necessary wash, to a long day's work in office or classroom.

Now that everyone, even the owner of a small backyard, is a horticulturist on a small scale, and vegetable-growing is fast developing into a national hobby, the woman gardener is coming to her own. The W.V.R. has taken under its wing hospital gardens in various towns throughout the country, and has secured on the outskirts of London a large plot of ground, the vegetables grown on which are sent regularly to different ships of his Majesty's Navy. A motor garage for instructional and repairing purposes has recently been started by the organisation at 12, Cromwell Mews, and is run on a co-operative basis for the benefit of the workers, all of whom are Corps members. This brief sketch of the activities of the Women's Volunteer Reserve—who, by the way, may be known from other khaki women by the bronze letters W.V.R. they wear on their shoulder—though by no means a complete list of everything that has been achieved or is in course of being carried out, does serve to show that the Corps lives up

to the article of its constitution as "an organisation of trained and disciplined women ready to assist the

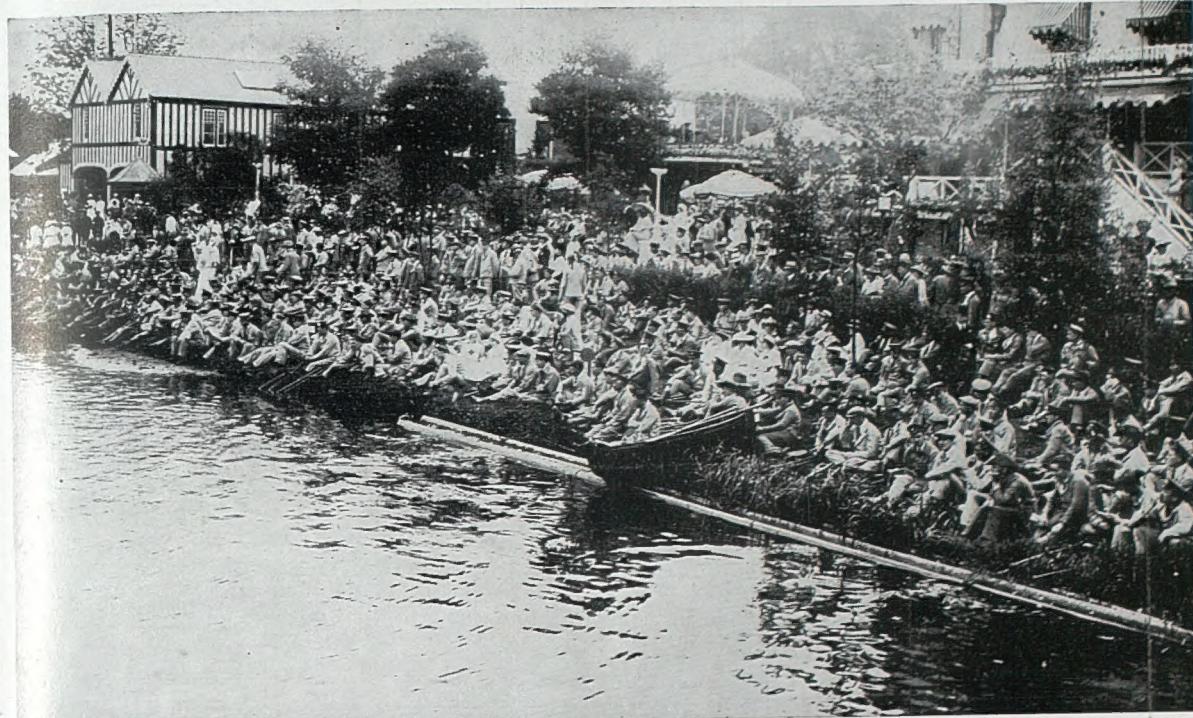


"OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!" AN EAST ANGLIAN GIRL AS TOWN-CRIER OF THETFORD.

The Town Council of Thetford, in the absence of her father, who has joined the Army, have appointed Miss Florrie Clark, who is only fifteen, to be Town-Crier and official bill-poster. Our photograph shows her at her work.—[Photo. by C.N.]

State in any capacity." The Colonel commanding is Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth, and the headquarters are at 15, York Place, Baker Street.—CLAUDINE CLEVE.

The Lord Mayor of London and the Wounded.



SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD ENTERTAINS WOUNDED SOLDIERS—AND GENERAL MACKINTOSH.

Sir Charles Wakefield has shown in many ways the interest taken by him in the war and the troops. He has paid a visit to the Front, and seen for himself the brave men who are facing death with so fine a patriotism. On Saturday, August 12, he gave a pleasant proof of his goodwill by entertaining at The Karsino, Hampton Court, a thousand wounded men drawn from the hospitals

in and round London. It proved a very cheery fête, the men taking a lively interest in the amusements provided for them, and being specially appreciative of the geniality with which the Lord Mayor, in all the civic dignity of feathered hat, furred robes, and chain of office, entered into a competition with General Mackintosh in a "cocoa-nut shy."—[Photos. by C.N.]



Testing the Wind by a Miniature Balloon.



TESTING ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS FOR ARTILLERY FIRE: A FRENCH AEROLOGICAL SECTION.

In the upper photograph a miniature balloon, which at first sight resembles a big football, is seen being sent up by a French aerological section, in order to test the strength and direction of the wind for the guidance of a "320" battery of artillery. The lower photograph shows the process of inflating the balloon. It has been found that the projectile from a gun does not travel

always on exactly the same line, but that its course is subject to deflection by the condition of the wind. Consequently, the information as to the state of the upper atmosphere obtained by the use of these little balloons is of great value to the gunners. The illustrations show the highly scientific methods of the French artillery.—[Official Photographs authorised by the French War Office.]



German Striplings Among Prisoners Taken by the French.



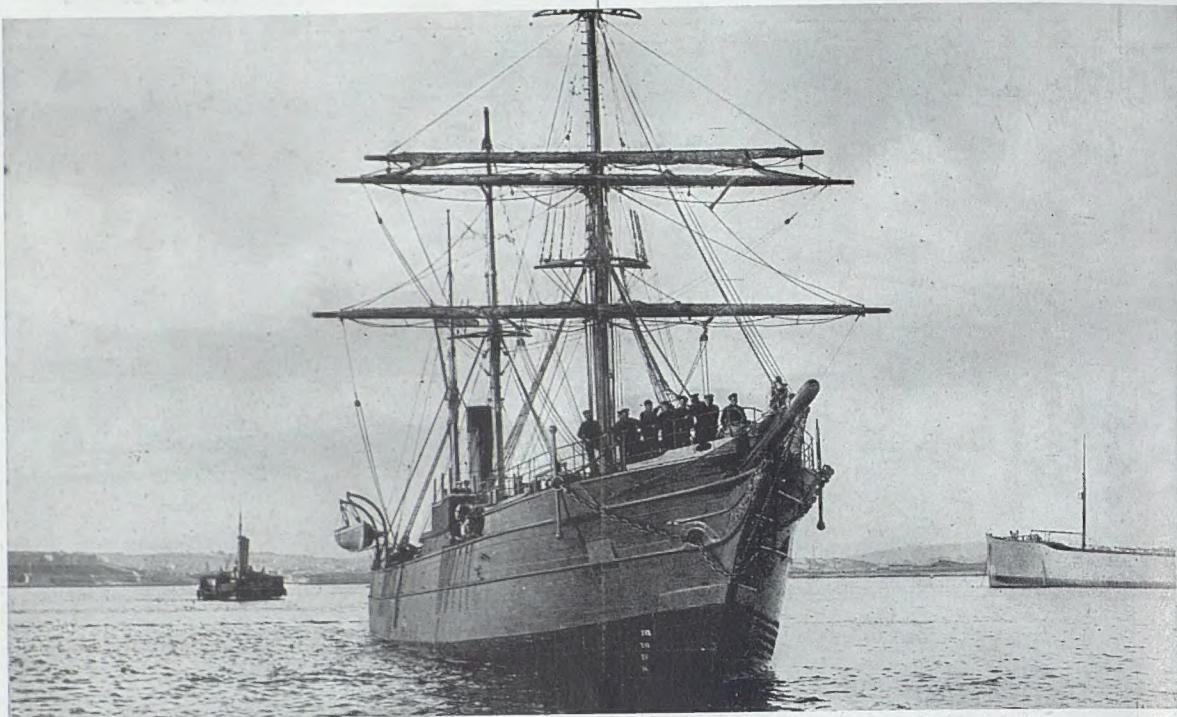
EVIDENCE OF AGE AND PHYSIQUE OF GERMAN TROOPS: PRISONERS GUARDED BY ALGERIANS.

These photographs afford testimony to the fact that many of the German troops opposed to the Allies in the West are youths of the 1916 class. It is not, of course, the case that the German armies are generally composed of such material, as many German prisoners are of more mature age and finer type. Those shown above were captured in the battles of the Somme, and have been

taken to work in the quarries of Royanmoix. They form a striking contrast with the stalwart Algerians seen guarding them in the upper photograph. A French communiqué of August 12 stated regarding recent fighting at Maurepas: "The number of unwounded prisoners counted up to the present number 1000."—[Official Photographs authorised by the French War Office.]



Captain Scott's Old Ship to Rescue Shackleton's Men.



A NEW ATTEMPT TO RESCUE SHACKLETON'S MEN ON ELEPHANT ISLAND : THE "DISCOVERY" SAIL.

The upper photograph shows the "Discovery," Captain Scott's old ship, leaving home waters for Elephant Island, in the Antarctic, where some members of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition were left. The lower photograph shows men at work in the "Discovery's" rigging. She has been sent out by the Government at Sir Ernest's request, being placed at their disposal by the Hudson

Bay Company, and fitted out at Devonport. Three previous rescue attempts by Sir Ernest were unsuccessful. The first was made in a whaler from South Georgia; the second from the Falklands in a vessel lent by the Uruguay Government; and the third in the schooner "Emma," which left Chile on July 12. Badly damaged, she reached the Falklands early this month.—[Photos, by *Topical*.]